

The Old Pudding-pye Woman set forth in her colours, &c.

Of all the rare and various London cries,
There's none that doth excel Hot Pudding-Pyes:
Each one that hears it, being bit with hunger,
Would wish himself to be a Pudding Monger;
For many likes such Victuals for the nones,
Because in Pudding-Pyes there is no bones.

To a rare new Tune much in use, or, *There was an Old Wife.*



There was a Old wife
and she sold Pudding-pyes,
She went to the Mill
and the dust blew into her eyes:
She has Hot Puddings
and Cold Puddings to sell,
Where ever she goes
you may follow her by the smell.

Sometimes in the morning
out of her bed she will pack,
And give you all warning
with a loud thundering crack:
Then coughing and spitting,
& Rubbing, & Scrubbing her thighs,
She hangs on her Cloaths
and away to sell Pudding-pyes.

She calls up her Neighbors
for to go and fuddle a Pot,
Because to go fasting
she likes it not;
Her Bub she doth tipp'e
and then having cleared her eyes
She goes to the Oven
to fetch her Pudding-pyes.

A Baker quoth she
I pretty do not me rozen;
I am an Old wife
tell fifteen to the dozen;
For by that means
my profit doth fairly rise;
Or else I must never
more cry Pudding-pyes.

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AT every Corner
and in every street,
This Pudding-pye-woman
be sure you oft shall meet;
With Basket on head
and hand on her Buttock she cries,
Come here all away
that will buy Hot Pudding-pyes.

She hath a long Nose
and often the same doth drop,
A piece of Hot Pudding
would make a dainty Sop,
Her Wattle-brow forehead
hangs quite o'er her eyes,
She scarcely can see
to sell her Pudding-pyes,

Her hands she doth wash
but twice three times in a year,
The print of her fingers
doth fair on her Puddings appear
She's two yards about,
which you'l say is a pretty size,
For an Old wife
that doth sell Hot Pudding-pyes,

In Winter you may
behold her dragled Tail,
And lagging she goes
along just like a Snail,
All sprinkled with mire
a handfull about her thighs,
You that have good Stomachs
come buy her Pudding-pyes.

At Noon and at Night
this Firkín of Stuff doth wag,
Some money to take
to put in her greasie bag:
I wish she would make me
her Peir when ever she dyes,
Then I shall have money
for all her Pudding-pyes.

Her Puddings are fat,
in Summer they use to fry
With heat of the Sun,
or else she hath to'd a lye;
But what she puts in them
I swear I cannot devise,
Then buy and you'l try
how you like her Pudding-pyes.

She had a young Daughter
that takes after her Mother,
And will be as like her
as one Pea's like another;
If any young Man have
a mind to such a Rare prize,
He shall have her Daughter
and all her Pudding-pyes.

And thus you may see
how I this Woman describe,
'Tis nothing to me
I'm sure she'l give me no Bribe,
But I am content
since that I have told no lyes;
Then farewell to those
that do cry Hot Pudding-pyes.